

SHIVERS

**THE
LONDON
FILM
FESTIVAL
Nightmare
Movies
including-**

**Tom Savini on
NIGHT OF THE
LIVING DEAD**

**Clive Barker on
CANDYMAN and
HELLRAISER III**

**BRUCE
CAMPBELL on
ARMY OF DARKNESS**

**Peter Jackson on
BRAINDEAD**

**Dario
Argento's
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TRAUMA



**Jingle Bell Shock -
Psycho Santas and
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SHIVERS CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

What to do about reviewing the latest movies? That has been a headache ever since I took on this job. I originally wanted to divide up my *Starburst* preview column between the two magazines. But Visual Imagination didn't want me tampering with a tried and tested successful formula. Hence the 'Shiver-O-Meter' which makes its first appearance this issue. I've asked three journalists well-known for their horror leanings to help me rate the new cinema releases so you'll have a pretty good guide what to expect. Comparing divergent views is also fun. Each issue we'll be joined by a different mainstream guest critic with no vested horror interest as a counterbalance. TV Times' Kevin Wilson assists us in kicking off the client who I now wish I hadn't picked because he didn't like *Braindead* at all!

Mark Ashworth has asked me to make a correction to the third part of his Sergio Martino retrospective. The sentence 'British distributors New Realm had the decency etc.' should have read, 'U.S. distrib New World.' This was due to a printing error and not Mark's fault! The movie in question was handled by Mirade Films in the UK.

Alan Jones

No you can't have my copy of Shivers!



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4 SHAKE & QUAKE NEWS

Tim Burton, Mutant Action, Budget Fords, Hellraiser 4 and more

5 SHIVER-O-METER

Who likes what and how much?

7 STARLINER LETTERS

Groans, moans and bones poked - plus some praise - from our dear readers

8 TRAUMA

A world exclusive guide to Dario Argento's latest horror thriller

12 THE MEDIEVAL DEAD

Cult actor Bruce Campbell on *Army of Darkness*

14 CARNE

Forget Delucassen, *Carne* is the strongest French meat

16 VIOLENT NIGHT

Seasons greetings from Kim Newman

20 CANDYMAN

Be my victim says Clive Barker

22 BACK ISSUES

You missed 'em, you can get 'em!

23 HELLSCREEN

Grating Britons by David Prothero

24 NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

Tom Savini on the movie that ruined his friendship with George Romero

27 BRAINDEAD

More on the gore movie of the year

28 VIDEODROME

Bob McCabe reviews the latest video nightmares

30 INQUISITION

If you pose them, David McGilivray knows them. Your trivia questions answered

31 COMPETITION

Win a 'so exclusive it's not true' Dario Argento *Trauma* badge

SHAKE & QUAKE NEWS

PASS THE ANGORA SWEATER

Tim Burton has had more movies attached to his name recently than **Edward Scissorhands** gave haircuts! But, after turning down the screen version of Stephen Sondheim's operamusical **Sweeney Todd** and a **Frankenstein** film starring Arnold Schwarzenegger, the **Batman** man will definitely be helming the following two long-in-development projects. **Mary Reilly** based on the book by Valene Martin and a biopic of director Edward D. Wood Jr., auteur of the trash classics **Plan 9 From Outer Space** and **Glen or Glenda**. The former, which Roman Polanski was interested in doing as a new spin on **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**, the neat twist being all the horrific events portrayed are told from Jekyll's house maid's point of view. Burton wants Winona Ryder as Mary. For the latter, which Michael (Heathers) Lehmann planned to make post-Hudson Hawk, Burton wants Johnny Depp in drag to tell the poignant tale of the cross-dressing best-loved worst-director in history. I hope Burton rethinks his **Sweeney Todd** decision. He's really the only director who could give the **Demon Barber of Fleet Street** the eerie visual style and dark tone the difficult project cries out for.

SHANE'S FONDA HORROR

Film Review's Marianne Gray got these quotes from Bredt Fonda when she was in London to promote **Single White Female**: "I've been addicted to horror movies since I was 11. I remember getting hooked the first time I saw one. I was at home with my Mom, (actress Susan Brewer), curled up on the bed one Saturday having our regular video session. She'd rented Robert Wise's **The Haunting** about an anthropologist, a cynic and a couple of mediums who spend a week-end in a Boston haunted house. We were both terrified and my brother Justin couldn't bear it and ran off with his hair on and



We graduated to **Rosemary's Baby** and I was hooked. Now I have a library of horror videos that covers the wall. I like sci-fi but I love horror - I think fear is a very strong feeling to have given to you by a picture and, while I'm scared, I'm also fascinated by the creepiness. I feel that, as I watch, I learn. I can hear myself saying, 'If this ever happens to me, this is what I'll do.' It gets exciting because you think, 'Oh, I wouldn't do that.'

It's all about audience participation getting pulled in the fear stakes. My favorite horror movie right now is Sam Rami's **Evil Dead 2**, his most outrageous! His films are wild and way out. I wanted to work with Sam so bad. I begged him to let me be in **Army of Darkness** and for two seconds you might just see me walk across frame. It's even more way out than the others, less gory, more about these armies of skeletons doing

Bong! Man Bites Dog interviews next issue! battle. They're over the top, wild stuff. The lead actor splits in half and grows another head. Yeah! I love fantasy!

HELLRAISER 4

Both Clive Barker and writer Peter Adams are against the idea. But TriStar Atlantic Entertainment producers want **Hellraiser 4** to be about the computer game industry. They see the skyscraper built on top of the the Lament Configuration box at the end of **Hell on Earth** as the headquarters of a Gameboy-type company. And Super Mario Pinhead will wreak sadistic havoc through video consoles via **Lawnmower Man** animated graphics. Barker and Adams rightly see this concept as having more to do with merchandising than satisfying horror buffs. Quite what different target they envision instead, neither are saying at the moment.

OUTCH TREAT?

He directed **The Lift** and **Asterdammed** and was planning the sequel, **Rotterdammed**, until he got sidetracked from horror by home-grown Dutch comedies which have made him rich. With Dick Maas now lost to

HIGHLANDER III

With the syndicated **Highlander** TV series, starring Adrian Paul as Duncan MacLeod, being universally slated as flat, trite and budget-strained, I recently asked Christopher Lambert what the state of play was regarding **Highlander III: The Magician**. It seems Lambert hated the first draft screenplay where Connor MacLeod battles a powerful warlord-cum-rock concert promoter who kidnaps his son. Lambert said, "It was geared towards a director with a pop video background, like Russell Mulcahy, and was meant to incorporate as many rock bands as possible". The latest script which Lambert has given his initial seal of approval to revolves around an archaeologist who discovers four immortals buried in an underground cavern and revives them without realising the terrible consequences. "It ignores the first sequel and links into the original", said Lambert. Well, let's be thankful for small mercies! Ian Sharp, the TV director who replaced Tony Maylam on **Split Second**, helms the sequel in January. As for the TV series, Lambert said, "I only appear briefly in the first episode and go off on my own adventures - the movies - so audiences won't be confused". Watch for Lambert in Stuart Gordon's **Fortress**, a futuristic prison drama which early reports say contains very nasty exploding stomach gore effects.



Above: Director Ian Powell's *Lonely Hearts* short, shown at Leeds Film Festival
Left: *Alien 3*: I'm coming to get you Ridley!

the *Fiodder* series. (The latest *Fiodder in Amerika* is racking up huge grosses in Holland), is there anyone who can step into

his sizeable horror shoes? Yes according to my spies in the Netherlands. Look for Dora Van Rouveroy's *Intensive Care*, starring George Kennedy, about a surgeon who awakes from a coma and finds he's become a hideous blood-thirsty monster.

MORE FEMALE TROUBLE

With *Glamourpuss* on hold at Paramount because *Cry-Baby* didn't do as well as expected, John Waters directs *Serial Mom* for Columbia. Combining two of the Sultan of Sleaze's favourite topics - comedying suburban values and mass murder - it's about housewife Beverly who kills neighbours for refusing to recycle their trash and video rental customers for not returning tapes reworded to the beginning. When her crimes are discovered after an intimate love tape from Ted Bundy is found in her under drawer Pamph Fawcett arrives in court anxious to play her in a TV movie based on her life. Fawcett hasn't agreed yet but Susan Sarandon has to playing Beverly even though Waters wanted Kathy Bates. This Autumn 1993 release promises to do to the Female Psycho From Hell genre what *Airplane* did to disaster movies.

ALIEN 3 - Ridley Nil

What did Ridley Scott think about *Alien 3*?
"I hated it. David Fincher is a good director but he didn't stand a chance with so many pro-

ducers telling him what to do. The *Alien* movies are Haunted House ideas designed to scare the s*** out of audiences. Nothing more, nothing less. All that intellectual feminist nonsense was a waste of time in my view. And what about the rumour that Scott's 1492 star Gerard Depardieu, is eager to take over the Deckard role in a possible *BladeRunner 2* if Harrison Ford isn't interested? With a non-carnal Scott said: "I will be working with Gerard again, but I can't say on what just yet. Heeem! Sounds promising."

EL DORADO: THE MOVIES

Fantasy movie production is on the up in Spain. The most interesting is produced by media darling Pedro Almodovar, the director of such lovely in *chic* campy as *Matador* and *High Heels*. Alex de la Iglesia's *Accion Mutante/Mutant Action* is set in the near future and concerns a band of freak desperados kidnapping the daughter of a wholesome local millionaire to wreak vengeance on the health conscious society which scorns them. Visitors to the Madrid locations tell me it's a gore parody with much splat-

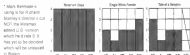
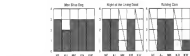
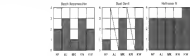
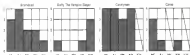


What the critics think, rated out of 4

Reviews: 3 - Don't bother: 1 - Baseless: 2 - Fair: 3 - Good: 4 - Excellent: 5 - Not seen

	N.F.	A.J.	M.P.	S.N.	K.W.
BRAINDEAD (Dr. Frenk Jackson)	3	4	2	2	1
BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER (Fran Rubel Kuzui)	1	5	5	1	3
GANGYMAN (Bernard Rose)	4	4	3	4	
CARNE (Gordon Hall)	3	1		1	
DEATH BECOMES HER (Robert Zemeckis)	2	3	1	3	2
DUST DEVIL (Richard Stanley)	1		3		3
HELLRAISER II: HELL ON EARTH (Anthony Hickox)	3	3	3	3	4
MAN BITES DOG (Pammy Belvaux + others)	3	2	3	3	3
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (Tom Savini)	3	3	3	3	
RAISING CAIRN (Raul De Palma)		3	3		1
REDEMPTION DOGS (Quentin Tarantino)	4	4	4	4	4
SINGLE WHITE FEMALE (Barbet Schroeder)	2	1	2	2	3
TALE OF A VAMPIRE (Sergio Soli)	3	1	2	2	

Reggie G. M.F. Nigel Floyd (Time Out) A.J. Allen Jones (Screen) M.K. Mark Kennedy (Empire) K.M. Kim Newman (Cinefantasy) Greta O'Leary K.W. Rupert Wren (TV Times)



* Mark Kennedy's rating is for R channel. *Brat* is Ridley Scott's director's cut. NOT the version edited by U.S. which has yet to be decided when will be released in Britain.

ter in evidence: Frederique Feder and Alex Angulo star in *(Lovers) Aranda's El Amante Bilingue* stars Ornella Muti as an estranged Barcelona housewife whose disgraced husband, actor Imanol Arias, disguises himself to win back her love. It's being described as a cross between *Phantom of the Opera* and *Conno*.

Julio Medem's horror comedy **Ardele Rojo** concerns an amnesiac girl in a traumatology hospital ward and a total stranger who passes himself off as her boyfriend. According to Spanish Cinema enthusiasts, Medem is the upcoming name to watch as he directed the highly acclaimed **Vacas/Cows**. Then there's Guzmán's **Perfidy**, where a blocked ghost writer ends up in a lunatic asylum and finds treasure troves of literary inspiration in the inmates' fantasies about marionettes, apes, midgets and phantoms. Juan Milán's sci-fi musical comedy **Supernova** and Jose Maria Forqué's sci-fi thriller **Nexus**. Strangely enough, while name Spanish directors head for the genre, the most infamous is leaving it. Juan Piquer Simon whose **Supersonic Man**, **The Ritt**, **Slugs** and **Journey to the Centre of the Earth** remains are unforgettable, no matter how hard you try, is helming the classic telenovela **La Celestina/The Matchmaker**.

BITS AND PIECES

Even though Alejandro Jodorowsky's last failed movie, **The Rainbow Thief** has been deemed unreleasable and put on the shelf, the weirdo **Santa Sangre** director is forging ahead with his new project **Lost in the City of Light** produced by Pierre Spengler. Paul Verhoeven will direct **Rune** based on the book by Christopher Fowler. The Brit fantasy author based his plot on the classic M.R. James story "Casting the Runes", brilliantly adapted by director Jacques Tourneur as **Night of the Demon** in 1957. Last seen, Fowler was talking to Simon Johnson the **Tale of a Vampire** producer, about future film projects. Disney are making **Heart of Steel**, a movie they're hyping as "the Indiana Jones of the Nineties." Comic book comic Wesley Snipes plays **The Black Panther**, an African Kato who transforms into

jungle cat to perform heroic deeds, lunnyman Damon (Mo'Noney) Wayne stars in **Blankman** and producer Ed Pressman will bring James O. Barr's **The Crow** to the screen. The final official title of Abel Ferrara's leviathan of the **Bodysnatchers II: The Harvest** is now the far more manageable **Bodysnatchers 3**. New from Poland is Jaroslaw Orzech's **The Horror Story**. More Red Indian spirits out for revenge on the people who stole their land can be seen in Richard Bugajski's **Clearcut** and Craig Clyde's **Legend of Wolf Mountain**.

A date for your diary: Stephen Spielberg's dinosaur fantasy **Jurassic Park** opens in Britain on July 8th. Richard Stanley's **Dust Devil** opened in Europe this Summer as **Demomania**. Look out for the new Australian genre movie **Mad Bomber in Love**. The Who Cares department reports **Deep Dead Fred II** will begin shooting soon. Brian (Society) Yuzna is directing **Return of the Living Dead Part 3**. Remember George Pavlou, director of those two early Cye Barker adaptations **Underworld** and **Rawhead Rex**? He is about to start a horror comedy in the **Gremlins** mould titled **Little Devils**. Bob Keen handles the make-up chores. Tobe Hooper directs **Knightmare**, starring Ho

SHIVERS CLASSIFIED

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COMPETITION WINNERS

The answers and results of our Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare Video competition from last issue are as follows:

ANSWERS: 1. Johnny Depp, 2. The Blob, 3. Predator, 4. Alone in the Dark, 5. Cliffhanger
WINNERS: Billy Sawicki, Norwich, Norfolk. **Alan Cross,** Cwmbran, Gwent. **Gareth Griffiths,** Llanishan, Cardiff. **Lee Russell,** Forest Gate, London. **R Cave,** Beacon Hill, Hindhead, Surrey.

The winners should be receiving there prizes is the next month. Congratulations to them.

STARLINER LETTERS

Send your letters to: Starliner Letters, Shivers magazine, PO Box 371, London SW14 8JL, UK or Fax to: 081 876 9455

Jonathan Queil,

Hemel Hempstead, Herts

Just thought I'd write and tell you what I think of Shivers: The format of the magazine is good overall as are the separate columns, especially 'Shake & Quake' and 'Hellscreen'. But the mag is much too thin. I know you're aiming for a fanzine style but just a few more pages wouldn't go amiss. Perhaps when you've established a readership base you can increase the price and the size? It's nice to see an intelligent letters page after years of reading boring Ticklez drivel in the *Starburst* one. Isn't it about time to stage a new 'Shock Around The Clock'? Surely there's enough material around now to make it as good as the last one? Anyway, I love the mag. Keep up the good work.

Dear Jonathan and all the others asking about another 'Shock'. When we can get something akin to proper sponsorship so we can pay people to help us and don't have to keep cutting corners when we get an air-conditioned West End cinema and a manager who actually understands what we're trying to do, when we have the inordinate amount of spare time such an event needs devoting to it, and when we're sure we won't have massive personal debts as a result, then Stefan Jeworczyn and I will stage one. Would a smaller scale Shivers Festival do?

Scott Simons,

St Albans, Herts

Shivers is well worth the two monthly wait, but can't it come out every month in the future? I assure you I'll buy it if it does. I was really amazed that you published letters slagging you off as not all mags would do this. It proved to me the letters were genuine. The stand-out features so far have been about *The Flash*

Esters and Joe D'Amato. The best thing I can say is that I've not seen many of the films covered but the articles make me want to see them. And all the pictures were great too!

Dear Scott, Shivers can't go monthly just yet for numerous boring reasons. But if we, I promise. The letters page is supposed to reflect readers' opinions. I wouldn't dream of censoring out any criticisms because it's your platform to help me steer the magazine in the right direction. I may not do everything you ask, but I always seriously consider every point raised.

Mark C. Owen,

Fairlington, Portsmouth

Thank you very much for the DEF By Temptation video prize which I thoroughly enjoyed. There haven't been too many horror videos lately that have been essential viewing. I'm glad there's now a sister mag to *Starburst* totally dedicated to horror. I really enjoyed the articles on Joe D'Amato and Sergio Martino. Is there any chance of features on Jesus Franco, Lucio Fulci and the late Mario Bava? Please! I hope Shivers gets

more pages and I wish you the best on future issues. Good luck.

Dear Mark, Lucas Balbo interviewed Franco recently for Shivers and this will appear soon. An unusual Bava feature is also in the works.

Francis Topping,

Bootle, Merseyside

Congratulations on a truly fine magazine which will undoubtedly improve with age like a fine decanter of blood! I enjoy reading articles on the creators of gore special effects and it would be good to see more on this subject in a slightly thicker magazine. I make that last comment, although it has been said a lot before, because if it's mentioned enough times you may bow under pressure and make it bigger. The letters page is good because I like knowing other readers' views. Here's hoping you'll publish a step-by-step guide to horror make-up soon. Much luck in the future and I'll be keeping a sharp eye on your progress.

Dear Francis, Turn to McG's Inquisition page for answers to your other questions. What do other readers think? Would you like tips on creating your own

gore make-ups from an FX expert?

Martin Holder,

Brockley, London

Why is the letters page called *Starliner*? I can't see what this has to do with horror. Was this forced on you by the Visual Imagination bods? Otherwise Shivers is an excellent publication and even my friends are impressed. I think David Prothero's writing style is refreshing even though I can appreciate he won't gain many fans from the 'Gore and Guts' brigade. There is a very heavy Italian bias. But I'm not complaining because I would never have been introduced to the delights of the giallo genre had you not written so many features in the past about it. The 'Dylan Dog Horror Fest' sounded like an amazing event, I'd love to go to the next if they're doing one.

Dear Martin, Well, you don't know your Cronenberg movies. The page is named after the *Starliner* apartment block where all the action takes place in Shivers. There will be a 1993 'Dylan Dog Horror Fest' and I'll publish details soon.



Night. A Schizoid victim gets the point! But will the editor regarding your letters?

The word 'trauma' means 'a powerful shock that may have long-lasting effects' and is sandwiched between the words 'trattoria' and 'travail' in the English dictionary. The positioning of this psychological term between an Italian restaurant and painful labour exertions during childbirth couldn't be more appropriate either.

For Dario Argento's twelfth feature film is a guaranteed visual feast and finds the Italian 'Master of Suspense' probing the dark side of brain disorders, drug addiction and altered mental states - with a unique gynaecological twist.



Shivers location report exclusive by Alan Jones

Trauma began shooting on August 3rd., 1992, for two months in Minneapolis. I arrived for the third week of locations in the twin city of St. Paul at the 'Seance House' situated in the leafy Irvine Park suburb. Here's all you need know about Argento's major return to the 'giallo', a fever dream he calls, 'My Deep Red for the Nineties'. Rest assured, I will not be divulging clues to the killer. Trauma contains a clever sleight-of-hand trick to conceal this identity, one Argento hopes you'll have as much chilling fun trying to figure out as he did concocting the illusion.

THE STORY

A psychopathic killer is stalking the fear-stricken city of Minneapolis, decapitating victims with a vicious steel noose that electrically tightens around the neck until the head is neatly severed from the torso, and keeping the gruesome trophies in hat boxes. 'The Headhunter' only strikes during neofetters and is such a big news item that even TV anchorwoman Grace Harrington is scared for her safety. However, her casual boyfriend, TV logo illustrator David Person, isn't much help as he has problems of his own - keeping straight after drying out at a drug dependency centre. By accident David meets Aure Petrescu, an enigmatic 16 year-old fleeing from authorities wanting to put her in the care of Dr. Judd at the Ferney Clinic

to cure her eating disorder. This enforced treatment is the last resort open to Aure's immigrant Romanian parents, mystic Adriano and Stefan, to curb their wayward daughter's problem even though Judd's therapy is controversial. He uses a Central American 'psychotropic' purple berry to unlock hidden memories.

When Aure is returned home by the police yet again, Adriano

is at a loss over what to do. But decisions regarding her daughter's future are put on hold while she hosts an important seance that night. As a group assemble in the creepy Petrescu house hoping for news of their departed loved ones from Adriano's psychic contact, Nicolas, an unseen force grips the medium and, after uttering the words 'I know who the killer is. I'm the only one who

A fever dream he calls, 'My Deep Red for the Nineties'



Top: This is the picture you'll see on the Trauma poster; Bottom: Dario Argento acts out a murder in the catatonic prison.



Top left: Piper Laurie's head;
Top Right: Asia Argento's
suicide attempt



knows...and the killer is here! she rushes out into the stormy night. Following her mother into the garden, a transfixed Aura witnesses both parents' decapitations. Fleeing she's next, Aura seeks refuge with David who promises to help her find the black-gloved maniac. But this search turns her lesson into more than just a sleuthing team always one step ahead of Detective Travis. For it leads both to battle their personal demons, to heroin addict Dr. Lloyd, to a past secret romance and to a covered-up hospital malpractice. Meanwhile, in another part of town, 7 year-old Gabriel is intrigued by the strange behaviour

of a new neighbour, someone who arrives late at night with an assortment of halibos. And his inquisitiveness sets the scene for a shocking conclusion as the ultimate trauma is revealed.

WHO'S WHO IN THE CAST

Asia Argento is Aura Petrescu. Asia turned seventeen during the shooting of her eighth film, the first directed by her father, although she appeared in two prior Argento productions, *Demons 2* and *The Church*. On a strict diet to appear as thin as possible, Asia says she's emulating her mother, Daria Nicolodi, in *Tanabare* and Shook adding, "Aura is strong and aggressive, yet fragile, shy

and suicidal in one terrifying scene. I read a great book about anorexia, 'The Golden Jail', which gave me all the insights I needed to play Aura's inner torment with the truth Dario desired. The hardest aspect is her accent. I've studied daily to get the inflections right. It isn't easy for an Italian to speak English with a Romanian accent. I was scared of working with my father but it has been far better than I was expecting." Argento describes Asia as "The new Anna Magnani".

Piper Laurie is Adriana. Currently on view in Bruce Beresford's *Rich In Love*, Laurie has been Oscar nominated three times and won a Golden Globe Award for *Twins Peaks: Trauma* is her third hor-

ror movie after *Carrie* (her second Oscar nod), and Ruby. Called 'The Princess' in Hollywood for her accomplished work spanning four decades, Laurie says, "I had such a good learning experience working on *Carrie* with Brian De Palma. I never knew where the camera was going and it greatly enhanced my performance. The same is true here although Adriana and Mrs. White have nothing in common. The script is surprising, very intriguing, and the camera movements are unlike anything I've ever seen done before. I'm anxious to see the finished film because it will be extremely unusual visually. I did insist on one script change to my death scene. I refused to let the steel noose sever my head through the mouth rather than the neck".

Christopher Rydall is David Parson. Chris is the son of deca-



Bottom left: Piper Laurie's
headless torso;
Bottom right: Dario Argento
directs Piper Laurie



tor Mark Rydell and appeared in his father's **On Golden Pond** and **For the Boys**. This role was the hardest to cast, the reason why the start date kept being delayed. Tim Roth, James Spader and John Cusack all turned it down because David returns to drug abuse in times of crisis. Angelo Jan Rydell, who saw **Two Evil Eyes** the night before he got offered the part says: "But that's why I found David attractive. It was a part to sink my teeth into, more to work with and more chances to take, especially the love scenes. Aura is a dangerous person to hang out with as it seems she magnetically draws murder to her. But she is in pain emotionally and David can empathise with her on that level. This isn't an ordinary slasher movie, there's lots of deep, internal feelings going on. It's way ahead of anything seen in standard American horror movies".

Freddie Forrest is Dr. Judd. The star of **The Rose** and five Coppola movies had never heard of Argento and only took the role, turned down by Malcolm McDowell, because he wanted to work with Piper Laurie, one of his favourite all-time actresses. But Forrest threw himself into the part and could be seen walking around town to get used to a neck brace he insisted on wearing as part of an inmate's beakatory in which he needed to ground his character. He says, "It subliminally gives the impression he wants to keep his head on his shoulders! The good doctor has had his license revoked a couple of times due his use of mind-altering substances. He gives Aura the berries to make her remember every detail about that fateful night. I'm in the mad doctor tradition. I'm not playing with a full deck and that costs me my life after I guess the truth". Judd's **Four Flies on Grey Velvet**-inspired car crash death was originally slated to shoot on July 4th, so Argento could use an impressive fire-works backdrop.

Completing the cast are Brad Dourl, star of **Body Parts** and Chucky's voice in the **Child's Play** series, as Dr. Lloyd, commercials actor Gary Garvin as

Gabriel, James Russo, star of **My Own Private Idaho** and **Extremities** as Detective Travis and Dallas soap actress Laura Johnson as Grace Harrington. The latter role had been earmarked for Bridget Fonda, a huge Argento buff, but 'creative differences' meant she was replaced.

THE GENESIS

Moving Guillotine became **Aura's Enigma** at treatment stage and the script was written by Argento and T.E.O. Klein (Twilight Zone magazine editor/author of the horror novel *Cenemones*), based on an original story by Franco Ferrini (co-writer of **Phenomena** and **Opera**), Giovanni Romoli (co-writer of **The Sect**) and Argento. Klein wrote seven drafts of the script.

Argento: "I began thinking about this story three years ago in Boston. One of my nieces is anorexic and I wanted to explore this condition in a whodunnit format. That's why I wanted Asia to star as she knows her cousin very well. Then I added the ex-addict as a habit counterpoint. Fans will recognise many fami-

liar themes and stylistic connections to **Deep Red**. But this is 'Deep Soul' - a neo-realistic glance at the monster lurking within us all".

Giovanni Romoli: "I took Dario's anorexia idea and wrote the first half of the story. Ferrini wrote the second half. Originally the murderer was obsessed by the French Revolution, hence the decapitation concept. I came up with the killer's identity after researching anorexia and finding a very strange common link between practically every case. Ferrini added the lesbian victims and other such embellishments.

THE BUDGET

Executive producer Andrea Tinnello - Carlo Ponti's financial advisor in the Seventies - joined forces with Argento in 1988 to produce **Opera**. That's why Argento's DadFilm company became ADC. "The \$7 million cost was raised from three companies. ADC put in \$2 million. Penta, the Italian distributor, gave us \$3 million if the movie could be released in time for Christmas. Production delays make that date doubtful. February is more realistic. The

remaining \$1 million came from the Overseas Filmgroup who released **My Dinner with Andre** and **Maniac Cop 2**. They'll handle all foreign sales and will release the film in America next Summer. Robbie Little, (Overseas' chairman), is an old musician friend of Dario's and, because he thinks **Trauma** is Dario's most personal movie, he may call it **Dario Argento's Trauma**. Dario's name is usually bigger than the title anyway and, if that happens, he'll become the *Felini* of horror".

THE LOOK

Director of photography Raffaele Mertes lit **The Sect** and learnt his craft from Mario Bava. He was Bava's apprentice on **Baron Blood** and **Mosca, the Lawyer**. "Dario loved the close-ups of Kelly Curtis in **The Sect** and asked me to come up with a believable film noir look for **Trauma**, sophisticated reality with fantasy touches. I'm relying on main lights. Key lights and lots of smoke to achieve it. It's monochromatic in the sense that we're using a special printing process called EMR, a system that washes down colours like the effect you'd get turning down the colour knob on your TV set". Steadicam operator Kirk Gardener: "So far, 30% of **Trauma** is spontaneous steadicam, often at floor level with huge close-ups of knives and door knobs. The visuals act as clues to the killer more than the script in many ways".

Production designer Billy Jett worked for producer Ovidio Assonitis on **The Curse** movies and for Charles Band on **Puppetmaster** and **Demonic Toys**. "It's the highest budget movie I've ever worked on yet. Old habits die hard - I've still reared a few skips for props! Dario wanted everything real and modern Americana. My challenge was making the nondescript visually interesting, allowing as much floor space as possible for camera movement to incorporate shadows and shapes. Low camera angles have meant I've had to cheat sets by twelve inches. Everything from the killer closet to the cellar prison have been raised a foot and designed to hide the maniac's face until the very end. I've even devised a special effect! I mixed oil and milk in a perspex tray, placed in

"It's way ahead of anything seen in standard American horror movies"



Right: Your illustrious editor poses with the Noose-O-Matic murder weapon

THE MEDIEVAL DEAD

Shivers interview by Alan Jones

"It's The Vikings possessed; Monty Python and the Holy Grail meets Jason and the Argonauts meets Excalibur! It's the Three Stooges battling an army of puppets!", offers cult actor Bruce Campbell desperately trying to describe Army of Darkness: The Medieval Dead.

He needn't bother. *Shivers* readers are already sold on Sam Raimi's highly anticipated second sequel to *Evil Dead* continuing Ash's misadventures in 13th. Century Deadite land.

But in many ways, we don't count. It's the mainstream audience who made *Darkman* a surprise box-office hit that do. Hence the endless post-production period since the \$12 million horror fantasy started filming at Universal Studios and on location in the Californian desert over one year ago. Add to that the lawsuit Universal slapped on producer Dino DeLaurentis over their promised option on *The Silence of the Lambs* sequel in return for backing *Evil Dead III* in the first place, the less than enthusiastic test previews and some recent secret reshoots in Canada. With an emphasis firmly placed on black humour and surreal slapstick violence, *Army of Darkness* must be a bloodless cross-over success to justify the expense and mounting interest roles. And the losers will probably be the hardcore gore audience who support d+

Raimi's 1982 classic.

Campbell swears that won't be the case. "It will surprise everyone. It's a grand sweeping epic and the hardest thing I've ever done because I'm on every single page of the script either as Ash, his evil double or numerous mini versions of myself. At this stage it feels like I've never made anything else. Talk about a life's work! I was exhausted during the whole sixteen weeks it took to shoot. But it was worth it. I'm finally happy with the end result and all the *Evil Dead* fans out there are bound to be more than satisfied too."

Literally armed with his trusty chainsaw - it gets welded onto his steel hand by a blacksmith - Campbell battles the zombie hordes as he searches for the Book of the Dead that will reopen the dimensional vortex that swept him into the past. But

after befriending the locals in a tiny English village, the Deadites start wiping them out too in revenge for all the trouble Ash has caused them throughout the ages. "It's full of ridiculous slapstick, armies of stop-motion effects, the 'Deathcoaster' - my souped-up Oldsmobile - and romance. Well, Ash does get Sheila, (Embeth Davidtz), for about half an hour. Basically I'm a loud-mouthed ugly tourist in medieval England trying to get back to the future."

On the eve of directing *The Man with the Screaming Brain*, a script he wrote for his new Freedom Films company, Campbell said, "*The Medieval Dead* is a totally new take on the mythology. Ash is shown as very fallible in even more extreme cartoon terms. An anvil flattens him, so does a steamroller, but he still gets up to continue the fight making horrible mistakes that cost hundreds of lives. And his body keeps crumbling continuously because I didn't want Ash to be invincible. In some sequels the hero isn't frightened of anything which is a huge mistake. With all these dead things, flying zombies, pit monsters and skeletal warriors hurting themselves at him, Ash would be the same as any person in the audience. He'd scream and run! He's as brave, smart, cowardly, brash and humble as you would be in the circumstances."

Army of Darkness is the first movie to extensively use Introvision, a dual-screen front projection system allowing foreground action to seamlessly take place on miniature sets and photographic plates. The epic scope and Gothic atmosphere of Raimi's fantasy was extended and enhanced by this process because expensive full-size sets did not have to be built as a result. Campbell said, "Although it

"It's full of ridiculous slapstick and armies of stop-motion effects"



Left: Give injured Bruce Campbell a hand!

debuted in *Outland*, and has been used for isolated sequences like the train shot in *Stand By Me*, this is the ultimate test for *Invasion*—an experimental canvas to prove how effective it can really be. They were responsible for over 400 shots taking place on non-existent locations like the Frankenstein-styled castle, the massive graveyard and the decrepit windmill. They helped in the overall financial package, we had our production offices there, and we practically lived above them. I've no doubt it will be a great artistic success. The movie has such an odd look to it which really works. Initially we had no realistic bases from which to judge it because the weird tone was difficult to put across. But the combination of *Invasion* and stop-motion will really keep you wondering how we did many of the effects."

Despite the commercial failure of *Evil Dead II*, producer Dino De Laurentiis backed the second sequel again with the proviso it had to gain an American R rating to reach the widest possible audience. Rather than feel restricted by this mandate, Campbell remarked, "Dino is good for us. He can make snap decisions. Other executives say, 'I'll get back to you' and you never hear from them again. Dino instantly says no or yes which is easier to deal with. And he loves Sam like a son. Unless he's spending too much money he'll leave him alone. We had comments like 'Put more of the girl in the script, but nothing like him going through it line by line tormenting us with more sugges-



Jason and the Argonauts, Raimi style

"...the Frankenstein-styled castle, the massive graveyard and the decrepit windmill"

tions. Dino simply says, 'Too much of this guy in the wood cabin.' It was good for us to trim the fat that way. Dino was perfectly wonderful. Making *Army* was a studio set-up really, but it didn't feel like it thanks to Dino's involvement."

As for working with his best friend Raimi again, Campbell noted, "Mostly he let me get on and do it. But he knew when I'm getting lazy. During the 100 day shoot if I slipped into standard schlock he'd say, 'Hello, we're making a picture here.' Or he would tell me to scream like a

woman, or throw some other ridiculous curveball like that, to get me back on track. I would have gotten into a boring rut otherwise. I suppose Sam knows all about quality control because he's the ultimate film-goer. He'd often talk us through takes and keep the camera rolling so we wouldn't get lethargic or lazy when we were supposed to be off camera."

Naturally *Army of Darkness* does leave the door open for a possible *Evil Dead 4*. "But ultimately Mr. Box Office will determine that", pointed out

Campbell. "Obviously I'd only do it if producer Robert Tapert and Sam, my Renaissance Pictures' partners, were involved or else it becomes a meat grinder process. You can tell when people are making movies solely for the money. It's in their eyes. They glaze over and they look bored. I'm still having fun with Ash. And as long as I can say that, fine. Once that feeling changes you can forget any future sequels."



**Left: A stock shot from *Army of Darkness*
Right: A jaw-dropping moment from *Medieval Dead***



MEAT IS MURDER

Shivers interview by Nigel Floyd

At the Fantasporto horror festival in Portugal this year, two films dealing with 'Body Horror' - from very different perspectives - stood out: Shinya Tsukamoto's **Tetsuo II: Body Hammer** and Gaspar Noé's **Carne/Meat**. The latter, a forty-minute French film about a hate-filled horsemeat butcher, (Philippe Nahon), trying to bring up his pubescent daughter, (Blandine Lenoir), in the Paris suburbs, fused raw emotions with visceral imagery.

In an oblique opening scene set in 1955, the butcher and his teenage girlfriend, (Helene Testud), conceive an unwanted child in a coarse act of sex tainted by her virgin blood. Suddenly we cut to a scene of a horse being shot in the head, a plume of blood pumps from the wound before an unseen slaughterer slashes open the twitching animal's throat, the red liquid flooding from the wound and flowing in a wave across the floor. The carcass is then eviscerated and skinned. This scene was filmed in an actual abattoir, after sixteen refusals, the film's costume designer sweet-talked a slaughterhouse owner into letting them film there. 29-year-old Noé said, "We had to be there at six o'clock, so we arrived with the camera and he said, 'Are you ready?' and then he just went, 'Poo!' That's how it is, as there are so many other horses and cows waiting behind, they make it as fast as they can. They don't care how the animal

perceives its own death, they just care about making it fast and safe for themselves - so they don't get hit by the animals".

Despite this bloody opening, Noé, who previously directed two shorts - *Tintarella Di Luna* and *Pulpe Amère* - insisted in a quiet almost girlish voice that **Carne** is not a horror movie. "It's a psychological drama, but the subject is so unusual, people take it for a horror movie, when in fact it's the most down-to-earth thing. It's about this normal man who lives alone with his daughter and has some incestuous thoughts. And to fight against these thoughts he just beats the meat!" I mention in passing that in England 'beating the meat' has other, not entirely unrelated connotations! Noé is intrigued to discover this "That's good slang, you can see the image!" The meat in **Carne**, however, is the kind you eat, the flesh of animals prepared for human consumption.

The director, who holds an Ita-

lien passport yet calls his parents "kind of Argentinian", continued, "The movie could have been titled 'Flesh', but that's already been used. In Spanish and Italian, the word **Carne** means flesh, but in France it translates directly as horsemeat. In the first script, it was the story of an ordinary butcher and his daughter, but making him a horsemeat butcher gives it more male connotation. Horsemeat is very popular with the working classes in France. It's supposed to make them stronger. But outside France, it's considered a meat outside nature".

After the butcher's wife leaves him, the action flashes forward to 1979, with a tender but uncomfortable scene in which the now 14-year old girl is towelled dry by her father after a bath. It is a moment of stark realisation for the butcher, and his subsequent attempt to incest her in a ride on the mechanical rocking horse she once loved is clearly a futile attempt to arrest her passage into womanhood. "There are a lot of parents", ex-

"And to fight against these thoughts he just beats the meat"

Je t'aime - moi non plus





plained Noe, "who don't like their children growing up, especially when they start to develop sexually and want to be treated like a human being. Their parents prefer them when they're like small animals."

The theme of latent incest never gets any more explicit, yet it informs everything that happens through the film - most obviously the jealous butcher's vicious attack on an Arab worker allegedly seen "in a ditch" with his daughter. In a scene of shocking violence, the butcher stabs the worker in the mouth with a knife, then beats him senseless as he lies on the ground. In Paris, where the film played in cinemas before being screened on network TV by co-funders Canal Plus, this graphic scene excited a lot of interest. Noe admitted the scene is brutal, but feels that such extremity is necessary to achieve the desired effect on a jaded audience.

"I think there's a difference between watching violence in the

"But someone stabbed in the mouth is not normal, people are shocked, and perhaps they feel something more akin to the reality"

cinema and experiencing it in real life. When you experience it, it's very shocking, but people are so used to it in the cinema that, as a director, you have to find a very twisted way to show it if you want to surprise and scare. If you show just a normal stabbing in the belly, I'm not sure the audience would conceive even one per cent of the feeling of the real act. But someone stabbed in the mouth is not normal, people are shocked, and perhaps they feel something more akin to the reality."

Ironically, it transpires that the stabbed man is not even the right one: he only kissed his daughter. Nevertheless, the imprisoned butcher is forced to sell his shop and apartment to pay his lawyer and compensate the innocent victim. Yet even in his letters from prison to the daughter in a children's home,

the butcher promises her things will get better and they'll go away together. But when he's released, his relationship with a slutty barmaid, (Frankie Faint) who soon gets pregnant, seems like a repetition of his earlier mistake. In an hallucinatory sequence of flash frames we see distorted images of earlier scenes: the rocking horse, a ranting TV evangelist, moments from a Mexican *Santo* movie. At the same time, the butcher's crude internal thoughts, heard in voice-over, express a misogynist vision of life which some viewers have confused with Noe's own.

"Women have come up to me after the film and said I was a horrible person, then run away. But I say it's the butcher's story and I wanted to make it look and sound real. I wanted to get to the bottom of his mind and it's

A close shave for the butcher after his murderous attack

his psychology not mine. It's part of what I share with him but he's just a character in a film I happened to make. When he says things like 'All women want the same thing, a baby to suck their tits, grow up and protect them 'til they die', that's him speaking, not me'.

The film ends on an ambiguous note, with the butcher, the daughter and the barmaid driving out of town. Is this a happy ending, a fulfilment of the father's promise that one day he'd take his daughter away? "No, he just says that so she doesn't feel so bad. He wants to reassure her. He knows he's lying but at the same time he wants to reassure himself that there is a light at the end of the tunnel. And in the very last shot, there is a tunnel with a light at the end. But they don't reach it!"



The butcher goes about his bloody business







Shivers retrospective by Kim Newman

The link of Christmas and Horror goes back to King Herod - not even the most depraved Italian schoolmaster would dare make a film about wholesale baby massacre! - and was made official during the 19th Century, when Christmas became the traditional time for ghost stories.

In *A Christmas Carol* (1843), Charles Dickens more or less created our image of Christmas: His tale - one of the most perfect plots in English literature - is as much concerned with the excluded, the miserable, the emotionally poverty stricken and the dead as it is with merry-makers, puddings and parties. 'Every fool who prattles of Christmas should be buried with a sprig of holly through his own

heart', sneers Ebenezer Scrooge and, regardless of the happy ending, the tale, filmed countless times since 1908 in classic, musical, send-up, pantomime and cartoon form, is responsible for the association of Yuletide with ghosts and dark miracles.

The elementary use of supposed Christmas cheer as a backdrop to a crisis remains one of the most-used devices in fiction: it would be unlikely that *Die Hard* (1988) would be as suspenseful if Bruce Willis were trapped in a skyscraper with a terrorist gang during a Thanksgiving party, and Deanna Durbin's *Christmas Holiday* (1944) - during which she discovers husband Gene Kelly is a murderous psycho - would be a

lot less poignantly creepy if it were set over the Easter Weekend.

If there is a 20th Century equivalent to *A Christmas Carol* it must be Frank Capra's dark-hued masterpiece *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946), where an angel shows suicidal James Stewart the hell-hole his home town would have become had he never been born. Originally a

Christmas has always had a dark side, Nativity balanced by Slaughter of the Innocents. Quite apart from its Christian meaning, the holiday has been combined with a pagan Winter Solstice celebration originally held to provide cheer in the bleakest part of the year.

In *A Christmas Carol* (1843), Charles Dickens more or less created our image of Christmas

Opposite page: Last Christmas you gave me your heart. This year I want your liver! (*Tales From The Crypt* remake of *All Through the House*); Above: Stalking in a Winter Wonderland (*Silent Night, Deadly Night* 4); Below: Have yourself a gory little Christmas! (*Don't Open 'til Christmas*); Right: Yule be sorry! (*Silent Night, Deadly Night* 5)



box-office dud, this magical movie - also plumbing the depths of despair until the uplifting ending - has become one of the most revered and revered of all fantasy films. While such novels as *Miracle on 34th Street* (1947), with Edmund Gwenn as the department store Santa who really is Father Christmas, and *Christmas in Connecticut* (1945), with hard-bitten journal Barbara Storchewicz coming over fluffy and feminine under the influence of excessive mistletoe, seem more brite and artificial with the passing years, it's a *Wonderful Life* gets better with age, at once a marvellous summation of the mood of its precise post-war moment and a universally applicable study of misery and redemption.

It's also one of the key Hollywood films, endlessly referred to, parodied, inverted and (ugh!) remade (Mario Thomas as a sex-changed Stewart in *It Happened One Christmas* (1977)) in other films. The single decent sequence in *976, Evil II* (1991) has a victim sucked into a TV set during a screening of the Capra film and then suffering when someone zaps between it and *Night of the Living Dead* (1968), yielding a bizarre black and white mélange of the two pictures, turning the celebrating folks of Bedford Falls into Romero-style zombies.

Capra's vision of small town America at Christmas, with snow lightly sprinkled over the desperation and crooked capitalist wringing blood out of over-mortgaged widows is evoked deliberately in Joe Dante's *Gremlins* (1984) a gleefully nasty trashing of the trappings of an American Christmas, daring to make fun of such sacred cows as Phil Spector's Christmas Album and Walt Disney as the horde of self-generating toothy monstrosities wreak havoc in a Capra-style small town. Phoebe Cates' keynote speech on 'Why I hate Christmas' is one of the darkest, funniest, most cruel moments in recent cinema and its inclusion, over studio executives' objections, is the single thing that makes the film more than just another horror comedy

Wickedly ironic use of decorations and carols to contrast with the slobbering horror

Typical of Dante's internal viciousness is the moment when the gremlins overwhelm the rotund symbol of benevolence, Father Christmas. Santa has suffered horribly in the movies, forced to duel demons in the Mexican *Santa Claus* (1959), abducted by aliens in *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians* (1964), evicted by Rossano Brazzi in *The Christmas That Almost Wasn't* (1966) brutalised by Gene Hackman in *The French Connection* (1971), upstaged by Harry Dean Stanton and Mary Steenburgen in *One Magic Christmas* (1986), zombified by a master villain from the future and gunned down by Tim Thomerson in *Trancers* (1986), billed under Jim Varney in *Ernest Saves Christmas* (1988) and, worst of all, given the stripped-pine biopic treatment by Jeanmarc Szwarc and the Sakindis in the horrible, *HORRIBLE Santa Claus* (1986). The most excessive anti-Santa movie is the cheapie British *Don't Open 'til Christmas* (1984) with a knife-wielding maniac (Alan Lake) slaughtering an assortment of deadbeats and wimps dressed as Santa.

It's therefore not surprising that Santa should strike back, hence the most profane of all Christmas-themed horror sub-

genres, the Psycho Santa slasher. Many children are disturbed by the whole idea of an all-powerful character who can get into their house at night and knows everything, and the early Santa Claus legends have a nasty moral undertone with Santa punishing bad children as much as he rewards good ones. Obviously, the idea of Father Christmas as a homicidal maniac strikes a deep chord, for it has been used time and time again.

In an episode from Freddie Francis' top-flight Amicus anthology *Tales From the Crypt* (1972), probably the first of the genre, Joan Collins has just bludgeoned her husband to death under the Christmas tree when an escaped maniac dressed as Santa begins to terrorise the neighbourhood finally gaining entrance when her daughter lets him in. With a wonderfully bitchy-distressed central performance and wickedly ironic use of decorations and carols to contrast with the slobbering horror, this remains among the best of the Santa Slashers. When Robert Zemeckis remade it for the 1989 pilot of the *Tales From the Crypt* TV series, he stuck a little closer to the stylised EC comic look, but otherwise added nothing to the definitive version.

Santa trappings are absent

from Theodore Gershuny's *Silent Night, Bloody Night* (1973) and Bob Clark's *Black Christmas/Silent Night, Evil Night* (1974), but both link the holidays with escaped maniacs and much slaughter. Clark's Canadian film, a virtual blueprint for the post-Halloween date-bed slashers, is an especially effective low-budgeter making fine use of the Yuletide trappings, notably in an Argento-style murder which intercuts a choir of angelic singers with Margot Kidder being stabbed with an ornament. Clark later returned to the holiday with *A Christmas Story* (1983), a remarkably honest and unromanticised growing-up-in-the-backwoods movie.

Meanwhile, Santa struck back in the shape of Christopher Plummer as a sadistic bank robber in *The Silent Partner* (1978) and, in his yawn-inducing directorial debut, David Hess, the super-psycho from *Last House on the Left*, presented a couple of Santa-suited sorority slashers in *To All a Goodnight* (1983), which competes with *Don't Open 'til Christmas* as the Worst Christmas Horror Movie title. In the obscure anthology *Campfire Tales* (1990), an axe-wielding Satan Claus punishes a wicked youth in a variation on an age-old horror theme used in short stories by John Collier and Ramsey Campbell.

Among the best of the genre is



Right: If this picture doesn't make your skin crawl...it's on too tight! The classic tag-line for *Black Christmas*

Lewis Jackson's **You Better Watch Out/Christmas Evil/Terror in Toyland** (1980) with Brandon Maggart as the most sympathetic of the Psycho Santas. A put-upon employee of a rapacious toy company, Maggart lives for Christmas and seems to be the only person in the snow-bound city actually to believe in goodwill rather than greed. All year he keeps tabs on the local children to see if they've been naughty or nice and on Christmas Eve, driven mad by the cynical exploitation he sees all around, he gets into his padded red suit and takes to the streets as a pro-Noël vigilante. Besides going away toys he's embroiled from his employers to a group of handicapped kids. Maggart uses a lead soldier to gouge the eye of an Xmas-hating lout and manages to simultaneously charm children as he takes a sharp ornament to their rotten father.

This odd mix of psycho wish-fulfillment, urban sleaze and strange innocence climaxes with a touch of *Miracle on 34th Street* as Maggart's van crashes off an embankment during a police chase and takes to the skies, flying Northwards while sleigh-bells jingle on the soundtrack. Jackson's movie, produced by toy tycoon Ed Pressman, is still under-valued, although its admirers include John Waters who said I wish I had kids. I'd make them watch it every year, and if they didn't like it, they'd be punished.

American parent groups can't have been paying attention to the gore movie scene, for they ignored all the above and waited



Linnea Quigley bares her breasts and is impaled on reindeer antlers

until Charles E. Schler's leechy **Silent Night, Deadly Night** (1984) to complain about the ill-effects on children by depicting such a sacred institution as Santa as a homicidal maniac. Although it was such a cause célèbre that neither it nor any of its sequels have been released in Britain, this is an entirely conventional and uninteresting sleasher about a child traumatised after witnessing his parents murder by a mugger dressed as Santa. Naturally, he turns into a maniac who similarly disguises himself while committing Christmas-themed murders. Linnea Quigley bares her breasts and is impaled on reindeer antlers while others are killed sleighing, hanged with fairy lights or simply axed to death. With a few tough lines ('so it's not all phony sentiment, a lot of it's greed'), to add a touch of social comment and undistinguished direction, this is a by-the-book holiday horror that would have sunk without a trace were it not for the artificial controversy.

The first sequel, Lee Harry's **Silent Night, Deadly Night Part II** (1987) uses over half an hour of footage from the original film, but surprisingly throws in a few almost interesting, semi-comic vigilante sequences as the origi-

nal madman's newly afflicted brother (Eric Freeman) takes up the axe and murders numerous existing characters, including a loudmouth who has the temerity to chatter in a cinema. Even more surprisingly, **Silent Night, Deadly Night 3: Better Watch Out** (1989), is directed by no less than a down-on-his-luck Monte (The Shooting/Two Lane Blacktop) Hellman. Apart from Walezan Borowczyk making **Emmanuelle 5**, this is perhaps the lowest a name director has ever sunk, although it takes a Patrick inspired tack with the Part II killer in a coma and establishing contact with a psychic girl. Bryan Yuana, fleeing from his *Bride of Reanimator* debacle, contributed **Silent Night, Deadly Night 4: Initiation** (1990) and **Silent Night, Deadly Night 5: The Toy Maker** (1991) to the series, leaving behind the played out psycho theme to concentrate on more occult and monster-laden plots.

Just when it seemed the Santa Slaughter was played out, along came Rene Manzor's **3615 - Code Père Noël** (1989), a derivative but spirited French variation on the **Silent Night, Bloody Night** formula. A fairy-tale archoner made with a gallic post-Bresson/Berex verve, this

Left: Death Becomes Her in Robert Zemeckis' *AN Through the House*; Below: U. S. title for *Black Christmas*

has a rich kid hero (Alan Musy) who kits himself up Flambo-style to adventure with his dog in a rambling, castle-like home. He hooks up through his computer with a psychotic (Patrick Florshem) with a Santa Claus complex, and attracts the madman to him on Christmas Eve when he has stalked out the fireplace to see whether Father Christmas really does come down the chimney. Florshem arrives with murder in mind and the kid uses all his ingenuity to protect himself and save his elderly and infirm grandfather.

Although it has some irrelevant time-outs dealing with the hero's mother making her way home, the film is an extended game of cat and mouse **Tom and Jerry**-style as Musy converts his toys into weapons. Marshalling the suspense devices perfectly, Manzor manages to work up some sympathy for the put-upon madman, who is undone by such fiendish tricks as a grenade wired to a toy train, and pulls some clever bits of Hitchcockery - the nearly blind old man has to fire a gun at the slugging kid and villain. It has too many clothes, including the inevitable last-minute reversal from apparent death, but in concentrating on the bizarre character of the child genius, rather than the usual screaming bimbo, and in using a great deal of sly humour, Manzor's film emerges as a distinctive and off-beat entry in the Santa Psycho cycle.

As to why you haven't seen this outstanding, prize-winning thriller, one possible theory is that it's become the first French film to be invisibly remade as a Hollywood blockbuster. If you took out all the nastiness that makes it interesting, played up the gloopier aspects of the Christmas setting for sentiment and replaced the psycho with non-threatening bungler villains thus substituting cheap laughs for suspense, **3615 - Code Père Noël** would look alarmingly like a dry run, down to the subplot about the mother's difficult journey and dozens of specific shots and plot turns, for John Hughes' appallingly successful **Home Alone**.

Christmas is coming early this year. And it's murder.



LONDON FILM FESTIVAL FOCUS

SWEET TALKING GUY

Shivers interview by Simon Bacal

The upper-register chiller **Candyman**, based on the Horror Baron's short story 'The Forbidden from his 'Books of Blood' collection, is released hot on the heels of Clive Barker's excellent presentation **Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth**.

Directed and adapted by Bernard (Paperhouse) Rose and executive produced by Barker, the story - with its setting switched from Liverpool to Chicago - has an urban myth crossing over the reality line to cause murderous mayhem for folklore graduate student Virginia Madsen. When she discovers the century old tale of a black man maimed and slaughtered for having an affair with a white woman, the summoned Candyman stalks her dreams. And using a meethook which replaces his right hand, for a series of brutal killings, the living nightmare frames her for the crimes while also torturing her mentally.

Reflecting on the project, Barker

has nothing but praise for Madsen's portrayal. "Virginia is tremendous and really carries the film forward. It's always nice to see women in Horror movies who have been treated well. Instead of falling into the 'stalk and slash' category, she emits a first rate performance that would not be out of place in a mainstream film. Basically, she plays a very bright woman who sees her reality twisted completely out of whack. By seeing the bulk of **Candyman** through her eyes, we share her experience in the sense that the story is her adventure. Therefore, it's the intricacies of her thought pattern that we follow as she realises her worst nightmare really exists."

Basically, she plays a very bright woman who realises her worst nightmare really exists

Starring as the **Candyman** is Tony Todd, last seen fighting zombies in Tom Savini's remake of George Romero's cult classic **Night of the Living Dead**. Barker described Todd's on screen presence as "more interesting than scary" and noted, "While the **Candyman** is very intimidating, there's also an ambiguity there that's extremely exciting to observe. In some ways it's similar to **Phantom of the Opera** where - in addition to feeling intimidated by scarred composer Eric - you're also drawn towards him. I think **Candyman** exerts a very similar cool fascination."

"The major challenge of any Horror movie is to scare the be-jesus out of people", continued Barker. "That's a lot more difficult than it seems because you have to make audiences believe in something fantastical. Being that Bernard has addressed this issue very strongly, it's a pleasure to watch this film with an audience because they jump all the time. I don't think there's another film out there that's quite as scary, intense or as shocking as **Candyman**. Every seven minutes, something happens to make you leap out of your seat!"

Helping to initiate this shock treatment, Barker frequently visited the Chicago locations, consulted with the cast and crew and looked at rushes. "I have two codes that I live by", revealed Barker. "One is not to interfere, the second is to be there if anyone has a problem. Bernard knows his business because he's made movies before. Although you have to remain visible (within the context of the production), it's also important not to be constantly on the director's back. However, when Bernard came to me with thoughts, observations and anxieties, I always tried to give him the benefit of my opinion. I



Left: The residents of Cabrini Green march to where Candyman has his lair

felt it important to be very supportive towards Bernard. I wanted him to feel the film reflected his own true vision, not mine. But during the test-pre-view process, there was some question as to how the film should end. While I don't feel audiences' wishes should be accommodated too much, I encouraged Bernard to put back the original ending he'd written. And now it works very well indeed!"

Once more **Candyman** showcases some gruesome special effects courtesy of Bob Keen and Image Animation and Barker said, "Very often when you look at this stuff, you're not frightened. You're usually thinking, 'Boy that's clever.' I really feel

Candyman is on an intelligent and visual par with **The Silence of the Lambs**. Mark my words, you'll come out of the cinema feeling moved and disturbed having had the crap scared out of you. The whole film is quite unlike anything anyone has ever seen before". Adding to the creepy atmosphere is the sound track by classical composer Philip Glass. Barker said, "The score is very ominous. And it's wonderful having Philip, who primarily writes for opera, composing a Horror movie suite. It's the kind of work you'd expect from a mainstream film and, regrettably, Horror movies don't often rise up to that level! So it's nice to look at **Candyman** in much the same way you would a Thriller: something which can



Once more **Candyman** showcases some gruesome special effects courtesy of Bob Keen

be enjoyed on the same plane!"

With **Candyman** now behind him, Barker is concentrating on an assortment of projects currently in the pipeline. Future undertakings from Propaganda Films (who were thrilled by Rose's adaptation enough to sign Barker to a six picture deal), may include the much talked

about **In the Flesh** and the screen version of his bestseller **The Damnation Game**. Barker also hopes to direct **The Last Illusion**, based on his same name short story. Then there's **Eden USA**, which Barker described as "A dark science-fiction/fantasy movie currently in turnaround at Univer-

Left: Virginia Madsen is Helen Lyle who unwittingly summons **Candyman**

sail Pictures". In addition, there's still talk of reviving **The Mummy** "it bears absolutely no resemblance to any previous **Mummy** films. There have been rumours of Joe (Gremlins) Dante becoming involved. Nick (Sleepwalkers) Gams wrote a script which was a little too violent for Universal's liking".

And, of course, there's talk of the inevitable **Hellraiser IV**. Barker, who had a lot more to do with **Hellraiser III** in post-production than anyone has given him credit for, said, "Do you really think I'd get paid a fortune for a simple 'Clive Barker Presents' credit? The movie would have been completely different had I not stepped in and given them advice. As for **Part IV**, repetition is something that must be avoided. At the same time a **Hellraiser** movie without Pinhead is unthinkable because the series has clearly identified itself with that character. But it's not as though we have a limited landscape to explore. There's lots of things we can do with the series. And, after all, there is an entire infernal landscape just waiting to be examined".



Left: Tony Todd is **Candyman**, the hook-handed spectre. Right: Be My Victim says **Candyman** to Helen Lyle





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The thematic intensity and downright drive of **Alien 3** proved a surprise end-of-Summer satisfaction, bolstered by Fox' unbankably intellectual recognition of their celestial splatter saga's power as paranoid metaphor. Knotty with religious and feminist oppression notions, hardened by a pessimistic female perspective and with an understated AIDS motif neatly grafted onto previous installments' more general body-horror riffs, if anything **Alien 3** was in danger of being too ideas led. But only previous to the panic piled on at the shock demise of empathetic doc Charles Dance, when the colloquialism of the English supporting cast ceases to draw camp attention and starts to make scary sense.

For the articulate integrity of **Alien 3** was not its only achievement - a bigger surprise still the fact that the apparently naïve U.K. actually contributes to a realistic no-way-out atmosphere. As the unarmed convicts nervily attempt to trap the creature, one realises their absurdly suicidal humours-as-cert status is only enhanced by the petted British banter. Have a RADA accent like Dance and you're acceptable hero material. Scream "motherf****er" with a U.S. intonation and you have an attitude - Charles Dutton's twang makes him a dignified desperado and obvious leader of the motley pack. But splutter 'wanker' in unguarded Cockney and the world knows a loser when it sees one.

As fate, because this is just the slack-jawed profile the U.K. more generally seeks to display on pop cinema circuits. A fearful thought indeed, but the most noted 1992 British export is shaping up to be promo-co Challenge Films' godawful made-by-(random)-numbers **Split Second**, which had a 1000 screen burst Stateside and deposited enough cash for producers Laura Gregory to resign Rutger Hauer for her next cynical cine-slice **The Tunnel**. Prepped on a TV schedule, eminent directors Tony Maylam and his replacement Ian Sharp blew an inexcusable \$7 million, (£2 note - nearer \$2 million in reality), on a flaky-lensed advert-driven fiasco thick with third hand poses and silly Stateside-style dialogue. So little visual sense is exhibited, Kim Cattrall's

HELL SCREEN

Shivers opinion by David Prothero

Grating Britons

schizoidly-scripted heroine has to tell us Hauer looks like s**t! Hauer himself flashes teeth enough to smuggle at least one furtive 'Help me!' glance to camera as does Michael J. Pollard's hopeless cameo.

Split Second a pathetic, and opportunistic, glimpsing of London landmarks is larded on to con us that this convictionless film facsimile has some distinctive qualities, designer Chris Edwards had the gall to refer to his 'Belfast' background for the derivatively dystopian sets. Its quaint, catchpenny U.K. feel is about as compelling as the embarrassed independent.

Revenge of Billy the Kid - which confuses brainlessness with bad taste, boasting an empty Englishness that utterly rejects ambivalence idea and visceral on-screen verve for ostentatiously inaccurate Two Ronnies-type parody.

While New Zealander Peter Jackson's subversive squash of cliché and invention in **Brain-dead** signals both the end of

gore and a strange new direction, all our offerings do is tip the fact that home-grown horror is dead on its feet. As the BFI's much touted, but hopelessly schematic **Young Soul Rebels** evidences, Brit film culture still has zero faith in the kind of adrenaline spectacle that powers pop cinema. Core English investors Channel 4 have encouraged complacently niched, over-intellectualised dramas with little real movie savvy.

Kenneth Branagh and James Ivory labour with literary efforts pitched to please the Heritage Ministry, more than anyone else, leaving the more promising home-grown to exploit exotic left-hand backgrounds like Bhimbo Soto in **Tale of a Vampire**. The valuable Richard Stanley (whose **Hardware** was a far more satisfying squatter-life expose than Henri Kuroshi's smug **London Kills Me**) may have tumbled by throwing everything into the bureaucratic bowdlerised **Dust Devil** - but his

informed use of Africa is as distinguished as his belief in the relevance of raw style and rough-hewn colour. While Philip Ridley, the real brains behind Britain's usually cinematic **Krays** success, ably employs a Lynchian frame-of-reference and the calm expanse of rural Canada in his cult-splash **The Reflecting Skin** escaping the England bubble in a neither-worldly fives of morbid aridness and insidious beauty. Expect all three auteurs to relocate Stateside!

In its heyday, British horror enjoyed international acclaim by maintaining stringently modest origins. Hammer first embraced the genre by remaking BBC successes: the revelatory **Curse of Frankenstein** discovered colour and dispensed with American stars, instead propelling Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee to world notoriety. True, the early-Seventies mainstreaming of the macabre made Hammer's college cult unworkable, the withdrawal of distribution dollars ironically forcing the company into TV spin-offs to stay solvent. But they, like the other world-standard British indies managed to stagger through the decade until the cash-ripping abolition of the Eady Levy in 1979.

Peter Walker's David McGilvray-scripted **Frightmare** is both a uniquely British and inexorably depressive topser (Noting Walker's humorless denial of his sleaze status, it's easy to see why bigger budgets would indeed have diluted the Anglo-scam appeal). Norman J. Warren's brazen exploiters likewise exhibit an understatedly seedy sensibility only enhanced by grey English backdrops - an atmosphere transferred to **Hell-raiser** but erased by New World's franchise coup. With Britain high-profile again by the U.K. casting of Francis Coppola's **Dracula**, and the **Carry Ons** poised to carry on, there's surely room for a little more U.K. fragrance. Rumoured returns from Walker, Warren and McGilvray may well show our Channel 4 dilettantes what it means to be a serious independent. And make us more than fleshy fodder on a Pinewood Fox shoot.

Splutter 'wanker' in unguarded Cockney and the world knows a loser when it sees one



Left: Sigourney Weaver in **Alien 3**? No, Stephanie Beacham from **Inseminoid**



LONDON FILM FESTIVAL FOCUS

RELIVING THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD



Shivers Interview by Alan Jones

Since helming the new version of George Romero's 1968 classic, Savini has directed a stage version of 'Dracula', created the special effects for a 'Spooky World' ride in a Boston theme park, was paid in full for not directing *Graveyard Shift* - he had a pay-or-play contract which cost Paramount a fortune when he was replaced by Ralph S. Singleton - and masterminded the many adaptations in Dario Argento's *Treuma*.

The strongest job Savini undertook during this time was reconstructing in fibre-glass the original face of a car crash victim disfigured by the accident. Mike Rose won his \$1 million lawsuit solely because the jury could see the immense damage done thanks to Savini's craftsmanship. That wasn't the first time he'd worked in conjunction

He's been called on by the FBI to disguise key witnesses who testify against drug barons.

with the police either. He's been called on by the FBI to disguise key witnesses who testify against drug barons. Savini's next project is *The Touch*, a psychic horror thriller he'll direct for Miramax.

Savini explained, "It all started when I was having dinner at George Romero's house. He casually said, 'I'm going to remake *Night of the Living Dead* (NOTLD). I replied, great, I can't wait to work on the special effects for it. Then he dropped the bombshell saying, 'no, I want you to direct. I was screaming inside! Three delays later, we were actually doing it. The logic behind the remake was that

George, and the 32 Latent Image investors who backed him, had never seen a dime in profits from the Walter Reade Organization who released the original. It was George's way of paying them back after 20 years of good faith."

Budgeted at \$4.7 million - "That's a laugh! I only found out after wrapping that the production manager had some deal

Two years after Tom Savini's far-better-than-expected *Night of the Living Dead* remake opened in America, and made its modest budget back in only one week of release, the redefined zombie saga finally comes to the U.K. after many abortive attempts by British distributors to strike a fair deal with ex-Cannon producer Menachem Golan. A nut Tartan Films finally cracked

Opposite page: The opening zombie attack;
Above: The Living Dead at the Pittsburgh Morgue!
Below: Tony Todd lends off the flesh-eating fangs;
Right: Zombie Creeping Flesh!



where he'd get a huge bonus if he brought it in for \$2 million. It annoyed me because I could have used the money for extra screen value and bought more time to get it exactly right." Savini shot the movie in six tight weeks after he and Romero had decided on the script concept. He pointed out, "It's a retelling, not a remake as it diverges a lot from the original and has a new ending. Before I started shooting, George said, this is your movie, only use the script as a rough guide if you wish. Because so many people know the movie, it was very important to me we used that factor against them. For example, Barbara isn't in a constant state of catatonia, she's more a Sigourney Weaver/Ripley character who grabs a gun and charges in there. And the first zombie attack in the graveyard isn't like the original. You think it will be, then you're caught off-guard, and you leap out of your seats! That is when audiences relax and realize they won't have seen it all before."

To take over the Judith O'Dea role as Barbara, Savini chose stuntwoman Patricia Tallman. He continued, "Pat plays Red Sonja in the Universal Studios Tour and I'd worked with her on *Tales of the Darkside*. Making her seem fragile at the beginning before turning her into Pamblaine was the main problem. But she came through in the end. Pat is the one actor I didn't pick to physically resemble the original cast member they were playing. I thought that would be a fun homage." Savini hired Tony (Candyman) Todd to play Ben, the part created by Duane Jones, after Romero needed his original choice of Steve James, star of numerous Chuck Norris movies. "Steve was too much of a kick-ass kinda guy. I suppose Tony was in Pittsburgh shooting a TV boxing movie and noticed a crew member wearing a **Two Evil Eyes** jacket. When they spoke it came up that I was auditioning the Ben part and he decided to have a go. Tony memorised all his lines in fifteen minutes and gave a marvelous performance complete with crying fit. Strangely enough, Tony had been directed by Duane in a play years before."

I don't think it can be called a splatter movie

Although Savini is proud of the movie as released by Golan's 21st Century Film Corporation, he still wishes audiences had been given the chance to see his original cut. He lamented, "Not because it was bloodier - it was - but because it was much more intelligent. But I had the negative taken away from me!" Savini cited examples he regrets being removed. "There were a number of flashbacks Barbara had which underscored why she took control. I put a photo of her mother on the tombstone in the cemetery because all the zombies she blasted away resembled her in Barbara's mind. One of these fantasy segments went wrong when a naked woman at the window got concussion from the explosives we rigged into her hair. She was supposed to land on the camera lens so her brains oozed out into the audience but she couldn't see for three days afterwards! We had to shoot it again with a black zombie replacement, which was okay because it's the first time you see naked flesh being ripped open on screen!"

Then there was the original ending where Barbara shoots Harry. (Henry: *Portrait of a Serial Killer* star Tom Towles). He continued, "Harry appears from behind a mirror in the attic wounded, not zombified, saying, 'You came back.' But the warped image in the mirror reflected Barbara's edgy madness and she fires at herself killing Harry instead. George didn't like that. About 40% of the movie is what I originally envisaged on over 700 storyboards. I don't think it can be called a splatter

movie, it's a visually artistic film. It may sound crazy coming from the person who devised the gore make-ups for **Friday the 13th**, but I view zooms into cut throats and exploding heads as pornography now. I didn't want my feature film debut to be like that as ridiculous as it sounds. I now believe the less you show, the scarier it is."

Savini tried hard to think of a new term for the zombies in **NOTLD** but gave up in the end. He said, "Zombies imply voodoo and Haiti in my mind and are not remotely scary. We coined many cute names like zoms and living cadavers, but nothing worked. I originally wanted each zombie to resemble a Famous Monster from *Filmland* too. The first one was supposed to look like Hurd Hatfield in **The Picture of Dorian Gray**, but my make-up man, John Vulich and Everett Burrell, thought that was stupid. They had their own ideas and, quite frankly, it was easier for me to stand back and let them worry about it. Give someone else the headache of making 100 zombies rather than get involved myself! The most effective zombie make-up would be mechanising real dead bodies, but the world isn't ready for that yet!"

Savini was the only person on the crew to watch the original movie before embarking on his own version. He stated, "And I noticed there was a real lull from the time they reached the house until they tried to leave it. I knew I had to fill the gap and add more visually interesting and suspenseful stuff. Again I was stopped doing what I felt was a

great device. I wanted the movie to open in *Black & White* and gradually turn extra before becoming full colour. Then to give that dull patch extra interest, I was going to cut from the action in the house to *Black & White* zombie point-of-views. But George felt this made them an enemy and took away the anonymous aspect. Keep them dead, he said. His logic was they had no souls, the reason why there are no animal zombies because they aren't supposed to have them in the first place. And because the eyes are supposed to be the windows of the soul, they all wore black contact lenses. In the original film George shot the zombies with shadows across their faces."

Although Savini learned a great deal directing **NOTLD**, he called it the worst experience of his life. "I wonder now if the torture I went through for my first credit was worth it. My wife divorced me in the middle of making it and I was sidetracked by anxieties over who would get custody of our daughter. I was a mental wreck! It also killed my relationship with George. We'd known each other for 30 years and were the best of friends. But he hasn't contacted me since the last day of shooting after we discussed what to concentrate on and what to eliminate in the editing. He was told many lies about me and, incredibly, he believed them. Someone told him I wouldn't have his family and friends in the movie as extras. I didn't even know about it! Location changes were supposedly all my fault when I had nothing to do with those decisions. Perhaps he's jealous I made a good film. I don't know. Perhaps he thought I didn't make a good film and I was entirely off the mark. I wish he'd tell me because I miss him a lot. I owe everything to George and until this long absence his sense of loyalty was astounding. Unlike Sean Cunningham who directed **Friday the 13th**, I was paid \$17,000 for a movie that made \$72 million. Everyone says the make-ups were the star, yet Sean has never called me since. George producing a film I was directing should have been the most wonderful situation. But it wasn't and I still can't quite understand what went wrong."



Right: A living cadaver

BRAINDEAD HEAD

Shivers mini-interview by Alan Jones

While others are finding it too extreme - (one upmarket Sunday paper critic left a screening muttering 'That's the end of civilization as I know it') - the all-important movie trades bible 'Variety' called it, 'One of the bloodiest horror comedies ever made. Gore specialist Jackson goes for broke with an orgy of bad taste and splatter humor. Some will recoil, (but) dismemberment, disemboweling and beheading are handled with bloody conviction'.

This quick interview is an accompaniment to the Jackson article featured in the first issue of *Shivers*. You already know **Braindead** concerns nerdy hero Lionel, (Timothy Balme), whose bossy mother, (Elizabeth Moody), is bitten by a rabid Sumatran Rat Monkey at Wellington Zoo and becomes a ravenous zombie hungry for unsuspecting victims. What you won't know is why Jackson set his 'Spielback nightmare in 1967' Jackson explained, 'It was contemporary until about three months before principle shooting began. But I was always worried audiences would envision Lionel a complete wimp. If they did, it wouldn't work. Once I hit on the '50s idea, I knew it was perfect, because at that time it was still possible someone who was 25 years-old could live at home without being thought of as a total idiot. It was acceptable to be naive and tied to your mother's apron strings then. It was very important audiences didn't laugh at Lionel, just at the unbelievably horrific stuff that happens to him. It wasn't more expensive to recreate the period. There's loads of old-looking locations in New Zealand and people still drive vintage cars'.

Jackson also feels the characters are a little deeper than anything he attempted to put across before in **Bad Taste** and **Meet the Feebles**. 'I wanted audiences to sympathize with Lionel and his ethnic girlfriend Paquita, (Dane Penev). It is a rot-infested romance after all! **Braindead** is also a social metaphor because its theme is pretty universal. Here's this guy who lives at home with his domineering mother and, at some point, there's going to be another woman in his life. The tension is the contrast between the two women who want to get the son's attention. Ultimately he has to decide between his mom and his girlfriend'.

And by making the mother a cannibalistic zombie, Jackson said he's created a new direction for the walking dead formula. 'I didn't want the zombie to be the bad guy always chasing the good guy. I chose to make the mother a zombie so Lionel can still relate to her despite the terrible things she's doing to him and the monster she's turning into. It takes him until the end of the movie, when she lies pushing him back inside her womb, to realise she's a crazed creature and not his loving mother anymore'.

(*Starburst* No. 169 features an in-depth review of Jackson's masterpiece)



"The tension is the contrast between the two women who want to get the son's attention"



CHILD'S PLAY 3

Director Jack Bender
Starring Justin Whalin, Perry Reaves, Jeremy Sylvers
CIC Video. Rental.

In a month clock full of sequels, the Chuck leads the way. The Good Guy doll, with the soul of a mass murderer and the voice of Brad Dourif, is back! It's a few years later and Andy Barclay, (Whalin) is now a teenager with a discipline problem being tended to by the wonders of military school. That is until Chucky turns up again, still looking for a body, and this time opting for a black kid - "Just think, Chucky's going to be a bro!" Short on other fun lines like that, Bender's offender is hard going, mixing John Hughes-type teen angst with *Red Dawn* war maneuvers - including one geeky student who falls on a grenade to save his buddies! With an anticlimax that appears to be solely based around a Universal Studios Tour ride, the best thing about this diabolical Actionless Men horror is its catch-line 'Look Who's Stalking'.

SCANNER FORCE

Director Gharretn Dugway
Starring Juliana Komorowski, Steve Parnish
First Independent Video. Rental.

Another bastard child of David Cronenberg's superior original, this time dealing with the son and daughter of earlier unspectified Scanners. Things have changed a lot, once underground, the mind-blowers are now casually discussed at Christmas parties and it's at one of these festive occasions that Alex accidentally kills his best friend and retreats to a monas-

VIDEODROME

Shivers reviews by Bob McCabe



Above: The maniac killer Cropsy claims another victim in *The Burning*

tary in Thailand! While he's away, sister Helena experiments with a new Scanner drug, resulting in a profound lack of conscience and a personality change into a psychotic megalomaniac with an ability to Scan through television waves - and her own TV station to do so. Naturally not a patch on Cronenberg's cranium nightmare, Dugway (who directed the two previous sequels, *The New Order* and *The Takeover*), does handle the action sequences with a good deal of flair and wit - from exploding fingers to exploding pigeons to the inevitable exploding heads, including a particularly impressive underwater one.

BASKET CASE 3

Director Frank Henenlotter
Starring Kevin Van Hantenryck, Gil Roper, Annie Ross
Braveworld Video. Rental.

Those mismatched siblings Duane and Belial return for a third dose of insanity, weird monsters and engagingly naïf gags. Still unswayed from his brother's side, Belial has the hump and refuses to speak to treacherous Duane. A road trip south with Granny Ruth might just break the ice, especially as our fave freak is about to become a

daddy. Trouble arrives in the form of a redneck cop who abducts the offspring leading to an inevitable final confrontation where the good guys are the funny looking ones for a change. More than ever before Henenlotter takes a perverse delight in throwing as many stupid jokes into the mix as possible. Strangely enough, it all works - well, just about - and you forgive the tacky prosthetic work as a result. A wholesome fantasy in the Disney tradition? I'd go along with that.

AMITYVILLE 1992

Director Tony Randel
Starring Stephen Macht, Shawn Weatherly, Nita Talbot
Fox Video. Rental.

A tenuous sequel, or what? We're not even in Amityville, but off somewhere in the suburbs! Fear not, a clock from the old haunted homestead has found its way into architect Macht's house. And guess what - it's possessed! Pretty soon the terror time-keeper is burying its way into the wall, turning bed linen to blood, and local dogs into canine killers. Rooms appear and disappear, boyfriends get sucked into storm drains and, how weird, elderly neighbour Talbot knew all about it from the word go. Why didn't she say something? Stretching the Amityville link to ornaments is pushing things a bit, but this sequel is adequate enough with the occasional effective chill. Let down by its obviously low TV budget, tacky sets and bad lighting, some of the concepts are intriguing and visually strong like the clock works taking over the house. Macht and, especially





Left: Dr. Freudstein claims an early victim in *House by the Cemetery*

BBFC cuts don't help, nor does the ropey-old print used - *Fido's* tulsome film comes as a welcome addition to the Vpoco range. You still have to suffer through an annoying child actor lots of obscure (though visually impressive) living-doll stuff to get to the sustained and terse worthy climax plus great age gag. In common with the other titles in the Vpoco catalogue more in the way of production nous, dates and background on notable figures would be welcome.

News

Monsters from another dimension - crazed babysitters and hookers in hell make up the rest of the latest offerings. The theatrical *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* (Hollywood Video) appears on rental in November with Rebecca De Mornay giving Annabella Sciorra the odd child-related fright or two. Martin Scorsese's psycho-go-home movie *Cape Fear* is out now. Fans of *Xtro* patiently waiting for the sequel need wait no more. *Xtro II* (First Independent Video) is out - part alien, part monster, Part 2 - and probably more where that came from! *Lower Level* (CIC Video) finds fear and loathing in the bowels of an office block. *Fatal Exposure* (Fio Video) not only features the grandson of Jack the Ripper, new a murderous photographer, but also an opening five minutes that appears to be lifted from a completely different film - Clive Barker's *Nightbreed* (Brawworld) is well worth reappraisal at its sell-thru price of \$10.99. *Top Gun* meets CE3K in *Blus Tornado* (20/20 Video) starring Patsy Kensit and David Warner out on rental December 9th. Christmas bargains galore include a double package of *Gremmie 1 & 2* (Warner Home Video) on a single cassette. A more interesting package prides William Friedkin's *Rampage* against *Anguish* (Fox Video), Bigas Luna's fourth-wall breaker and essential classic. Another Vpoco to buy is *Blood Rage* boasting the tag-line 'Every hooker's fear is that the next one will be a solo'. And guess what? He is!

Weatherly, deliver decent performances too making this a better bet than you'd think at first.

THE BURNING

Director: Tony Maylam
Starring: Brian Matthews, Leah Aynes, Brian Bruckner
Vpoco. Sell-thru.

Judging by the homages raging in the woods, the kids here are too old for camp. But at camp that are in Vpoco's welcome release of this 'Top of the Banned Video Nasty List' title. With three short cuts, totalling less than ten seconds, this early Friday the 13th, rip-off is the video label's best release so far in their Cult Classic Frightener Collection in terms of both pro-

duction and print quality. This seminal splatter movie from *Splitt Second* director Maylam begins at Camp Blackfoot where a flaming practical joke on nasty caretaker Copey results in him being hideously scarred. Five years later he's still roaming the woods, hedge-dippers in hand, picking off jolly young campers. Boasting Tom Savini make-up Jack (The Hidden) Sholder's editing and a much touted appearance by soon-to-be famous Holly Hunter - blink and you'll miss her! - this slice of Maylam mayhem stands up well as an impressive stalk-and-slasher with numerous excitingly executed gore moments - by far the best being the multiple

canoe massacre.

THE HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY

Director: Lucio Fulco
Starring: Katherine MacColl, Paolo Malco
Vpoco. Sell-thru.

Vpoco's release of this minor classic from Italian horror-master Fulco is very heavily cut unlike *The Burning*. Curious goings-on occur in a sleepy New England town when a young family move into the abandoned home of Dr. Freudstein who soon makes an appearance, now zombie'd, searching for the limbs of the living to regenerate his rotting flesh. Long on style, but short on cohesion - the



Whatever happened to Veronica Carlson, Hammer heroine of the Seventies?

Jake Enfield, Middlesbrough.

After *The Ghoul* (1975), she retired, claiming she was fed up with being a scream queen. She, her husband and their three children now live in South Carolina, where Veronica spends her spare time painting. Recently she was a guest at a fantasy convention in Baltimore, and narrated the documentary *Fangs: A History of Vampire Films*.

I've had great difficulty getting hold of Sam Raimi's movies. What's available on video? Is there any chance of seeing *It's Murder, Clockwork and The Happy Valley Kid* the films he made as a student at Michigan State University? They sound great! Was he in a film called *They Shall Not Kill*? Except (1985)? Where can I write to him?

Marcia Johnson, Redditch, Worcs.

Recently I found out that Sam Raimi made a movie called *Crimewave*. Can you give me any information about it? (Can you give me any information about it?) (Can you give me any information about it?) (Can you give me any information about it?)

Mark Dutton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Tyne & Wear.

The only Sam Raimi films on video in Britain are *The Evil Dead*, *Evil Dead 2* and *Darkman*. Only *It's Murder* was made while Sam was a Univer-

INQUISITION

Shivers Q&A by David McGillivray



Above: Veronica Carlson hasn't risen from the grave; Below left: A rare Pamela Franklin poster; Right: Sexy Sam Raimi for Marcia Johnson

sity student. *Clockwork and The Happy Valley Kid* are two of the many Raimi home movies he made when he was a lad. We're unlikely to see any of these films, although an extract from one of them was shown a few years ago on Jonathan Ross' *Incredibly Strange Film Show*. *Crimewave*, Sam's attempt at a comedy, played cinemas here and is now on TV. Some people like it, but I thought it was dire. It's about a

lunatic (Reed Birney) who gets involved in a series of murders carried out by a pair of thugs masquerading as rodent exterminators (Paul L. Smith and Bron James). "Stick to horror, Sam," I wrote when the film was first released here in 1986. Sam has acted in several films and, along with the one you mention, they include *Spies Like Us* (1985), *Maniac Cop* (1986), *Intruder* (1989) and *Milner's Crossing* (1990). Write to him c/o InterTalent, Penthouse 25, 9200 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, USA.

Whatever happened to

Pamela Franklin, star of *The Legend of Hell House* and several thrillers scripted by Brian Clemens?

Martin Holder, London SE4.

In 1970 she went to Hollywood to appear in *The Toy Factory* a.k.a. *Necromancy*, married her co-star Harvey Jason, and stayed. She retired in the late Seventies to bring up their two sons, Joshua and Louis, both of whom are physically handicapped.

I found the article on *The Flesh Eaters* (*Shivers*, August) very interesting. What's the address of Sister Cinema, which distributes the video of this movie in the US? Can you confirm that I can't play American video-cassettes on European equipment?

Jack Miner, London SE27

Sister Cinema are at P.O. Box 4389, Medford, Oregon 97501-0168. Ask them for their free catalogue. (They distribute hundreds of vintage schlock horror movies.) The American video system (called NTSC) is different to that used in much of Europe (called PAL). To play an American tape in Britain you need to buy special equipment. Prices have been coming down in recent years. Most companies now produce a VCR which will play NTSC tapes through a standard TV receiver. One of the cheapest, at £300, is the Panasonic NV-J40-B. Alternatively £400 will get you Awa's super multi-digital converter (HV-MG330DH), which transcodes

"Stick to horror, Sam," I wrote when the film was first released here in 1986



NECROMANCY: ORSON WELLS; PAMELA FRANKLIN



NTSC tapes to our system so that you can play them on a standard VCR

I'm a keen photographer and a blood and gore film fan. I'd like to learn how to create wounds and disfigurements. Can you recommend some books? Where can I buy materials?

**Francis Topping,
Booth, Merseyside.**

The current issue (No. 3) of SPX magazine has a detailed article, with pics, on life casting, one of the basics of the make-up artist's art. Tom Savini's essential book, *Grande Illusions* is currently remembered at £5 at branches of Forbidden Planet. A sequel is on sale Stateside, but not here. Another primer, Dick Smith's *Do-It-Yourself Monster Make-up Book*, is apparently out of print and hard to come by. All these publications list American sources of make-up materials, which isn't a lot of use. One of the most helpful British suppliers is Charles H. Fox Ltd., 22 Tavistock Street, London WC2E 7PY. 'Oh, yes,'

enthused the man who answered the phone, 'we sell latex, blood, scar tissue and other things to make people look horrible.' Send for their free catalogue!

Congratulations on a very interesting column in a refreshing, readable horror magazine. It's frustrating, however, to read about films that are either unavailable or banned. Can you tell me where I can find the likes of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *I Spilt on Your Grave*?

**Stuart Chivers,
Bristol, Avon.**

You won't find films like this on video in Britain. They're officially illegal, and anyone who follows the news will know that people have been arrested for owning them. But they can still be seen at cinema clubs. One club in London regularly shows *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, which I saw again earlier this year.

**Below: Reader Paul Fay's DIY
make-up**



GRAVERS: The Global Magazine of Horror

COMPETITION

You've exclusively read all about the production, now win an exclusive giant *Trauma* badge. Dario Argento's films are not usually known for their merchandising tie-ins. Even in my vast film freebie collection, I only have three Argento related items: a *Cal O'Hara* Talia newspaper, an *Interno* button, and a specimen jar containing *Creepers* worms. Everything else I have was stolen off the set!

So these badges are highly-prized, ultra-collectable mementos, guaranteed to get both admiring glances and jealous glares when fashionably worn to the next 'Black Sunday' Festival or Fantasy Film Fair. I brought 25 back with me from the Minneapolis location. So come on all you Argento buffs, prove you know your stuff and answer this easy question -

1. Piper Laurie plays a medium in *Trauma*. So did actress Macha Meril in *Deep Red*. What was the German name of the character she played?

Answers on a postcard, or back of an envelope, to
**Shivers Comp (Trauma)
PO Box 371
London SW14 6JL
U.K.**

Closing date: 24th December 1992



NEXT ISSUE Published 14th January 1992
Asia Argento on *Trauma* and daddy Dario...
Tony Randel's Creature Feature Ticks... Mary Lambert on *Pet Sematary II*... Nero, the first Dylan Dog related movie... *Man Bites Dog* - Interviewer bites the directors... Peter Jackson's newie *Heavenly Creatures*... *The Addams Family II*... Turn of the Screw director Rusty Lemorande... Kim Newman's Fantasy Diary... **Friday the 13th, Part IX: Jason Goes to Hell** in a mega *Shake & Quake* column packed with all the new horror titles for 1993

